

A Fawcett Publication

NO. 17 NOV.

Six-Gun Heroes

10¢



IN THIS ISSUE:
**HOPALONG
CASSIDY**
IN
**ENEMIES OF
THE WEST**



HOPALONG CASSIDY



SMILEY BURNETTE



ROCKY LANE



LASH LARUE

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Every effort is made to insure that these weekly magazines of the Fawcett Co. contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.



THE DAY IN SHERIFF HOPALONG CASSIDY'S OFFICE...

HOWDY, SHERIFF! I WAS PASSING BY AND I THOUGHT I'D STOP AND ASK IF YOU WERE MAKING ANY PROGRESS IN STAMPING OUT THE CRIMINAL GAMBLING GONG ON HWY IN TWIN RIVER!

I'M ON THE JOB, LAWYER GUY! YOU CAN DEPEND ON THAT!

AS YOU KNOW, SUSPECTING THAT SLIM JAMISON HAS BEEN RUNNING A CRIMINAL GAMBLING HOUSE IS DIFFERENT FROM BEING ABLE TO PROVE IT!

I KNOW, HOPALONG, BUT SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE TO GET THAT PROOF!

I'VE PLANTED A DEPUTY IN THE GAMBLING HALL TO GET THE PROOF AND IN TEN MINUTES I'M GOING TO BRING IT!

I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT, CASSIDY!

HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. MUIFORD.

SIX-GUN HEROES, Nov. 1952, Vol. 3, No. 17, is published bi-monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Printed at second class matter class, 2 1949 at the post office Greenwich, Conn. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Buffalo, N. Y. Copyright 1952 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Trademark of Fawcett Publications, Inc. Editorial and advertising offices: 67 N. W. 44th St., Miami 19, Fla. Send remittance and letters concerning this publication to address, c/o The Circulation Dept., Fawcett P. Co., Greenwich, Conn. Subscriptions are 12 issues for \$1.00 in U. S., possessions and Canada. Foreign \$1.50 in international money order or U. S. funds. Member Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in U. S. A.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN THE BACK ROOM OF SLIM JAMISON'S GAMBLING HALL...

I'VE HEARD THAT HOPALONG IS PLANNING TO RAID THIS PLACE, SLIM! YOU'D BETTER CLOSE THE GAMES! HE HAS A SECRET DEPUTY WATCHING THE CROOKED GAMBLING GOING ON!

OHAY, BOSS, I'LL DO IT RIGHT NOW! (SPOES) THAT MUST BE THE DEPUTY CASSIDY FIANTED!

YUH CROON, I SAW YUH DEALING FROM THE BOTTOM!

QUICK, SLIM, SHOOT HIM BEFORE CASSIDY ARRIVES!

IT'S TOO LATE, MYAR COMES HOPALONG NOW!

QUICK, CLOSE THE DOOR!

HANDS UP! YOU'RE ALL GOING TO OIL!

WE ONLY DID WHAT WE WERE TOLD, HOPALONG! SLIM GAVE US THE ORDERS TO DEAL UNFAIRLY!

THEN HE'LL GO TO JAIL, TOO! TAKE THEM TO THE PRISON, BUFF, WHILE I GO GET SLIM!

COME OUT OF THERE, SLIM, AND DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS!

DON'T SHOOT, I'M COMING, CASSIDY!

CROOKED GAMBLING IS A SERIOUS CRIME, SLIM! YOU'RE GOING TO SIT BEHIND BARS A LONG TIME!

I'M NOT THE REAL HERO OF THIS PLACE, CASSIDY! I'M ONLY A PROCT!

SLIM JAMISON'S GAMBLING HALL

WHAT?





I'VE GOT YOU COVERED—AH! THERE'S NO ONE HERE!



BUT HE COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN! I WOULD HAVE BEEN HIM COMING DOWN THE STAIRS! SAY, THERE MUST BE A SECRET PANEL IN THE ROOM!



I'LL COVER THE WALL INCH BY INCH TO SEE IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT!



BUT AS HOPKINS GOES OVER THE WALL—

CASSIDY'S WISE TO THE SECRET PANEL IN THIS ROOM! WELL, HE'LL NEVER LIVE TO FIND IT! I'LL SHOOT HIM IN THE BACK!



I HAVEN'T FOUND THAT SECRET PANEL YET—OH, OH, THERE'S A GUN POINTED AT ME FROM THE FIREPLACE! THAT'S WHERE THE SECRET PANEL IS!



I'D BETTER DUCK, FIGHTO!

I MISSED! HE SAW ME AIMING IN THE MIRROR!

BANG!



WE SHOT THE GUN OUT OF MY HAND! I'D BETTER RUN DOWNSTAIRS TO THE CELLAR! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE TO GET AWAY!



HE'S TRYING TO ESCAPE! I'VE GOT TO GRAB HIM!

SIX GUN HEROES



TEN GALLON TEX... ANT ANTICS!



WAAAA! THIS IS THE REAL WILD WEST!

HOPE WE DON'T RUN INTO ANY BANDITS!

WE'VE GOT A SHIPMENT OF FLEER'S BUBBLE GUM!

GEE! JUST WHAT I WAS ASKING FOR!

GREAT! THROW DOWN THAT PIECE OF FLEER'S BUBBLE GUM OR WE'LL BULL YOU!

POPP!

HOW! LOOK AT THOSE "BANDITS" BEAT IT! IT'S HOT!

FLEER'S BUBBLE GUM IS MY SON-SHOOTER!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

FLEER'S BUBBLE GUM IS THE REAL BUBBLE GUM!

LONGER-LASTING, SWEETER FLAVOR!

HAVE FUN WITH GUM!

FUNKIES, FACTS, AND FORTUNES, TOO!



AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM CAPTAIN MARVEL!

BOYS AND GIRLS—THE POLIO SEASON MAY BE COMING AROUND AGAIN SOON. IF YOU WANT TO KEEP AS STRONG AND HEALTHY AS I AM, BE SURE AND FOLLOW THESE RULES...



BUT DO KEEP CLEAN!



THESE POLIO PRECAUTIONS ARE RECOMMENDED BY THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS!

SMILEY BURNETTE

IN DUCKING THE DESPERADOS!

SMILEY ACCUSED
OF BLACKMAIL

SMILEY PRINTS
SCANDAL SHEET

OH I'VE GOT A LITTLE RAIL
AND HER NAME IS DOODLE
BUCK!
SHE'S A QUEENLY BUNCHERATCH
AND SHE BRINGS ME LOTS
OF LUCK!

*Many are the perils faced by the
fearless editor of Burnette's Nugget,
especially when he becomes involved
in a sinister blackmail scheme!
But with his new friend to egg
him on, Smiley is determined
to get the news by fair means
or fowl!*

EDITOR SMILEY BURNETTE SITS IN HIS OFFICE LOOKING
GLUMLY AT HIS NEWSPAPER.

GOLLY WHEE! THIS PAPER
JUST DOESN'T MAKE ANY
(GROWL)
MONEY!

SMILEY
BURNETTE
EDITORIAL
OFFICE

AND NOT FAR AWAY
IN A HOTEL ROOM,
SITS A STRANGER
LOOKING HAPPILY AT
THE SAME PAPER!

SO THIS IS THE
WOMAN TOWN PAPER!
BOY, IT'S GOING TO BE
A WHOPPING MONEY-
MAKER FOR ME!













SAPPY NAPPY



**PAINLESS
DENTISTRY**



**GROAN!
GROAN!**

LOOK AT THAT
HORRIBLE SAPPY
NAPPY! HE MUST
HAVE A TERRIBLE
TOOTHACHE!

YEAH!



IT SHORE
CAN BE
PAINFUL!

AND
HOW!



YUH KNOW THAT MUST BE
AWFUL... TO GET A BAD
TOOTHACHE WHEN YOU'RE
OUT IN THE DEEP
WOODS!

YUH SAID IT!
I WAS MUST-
ING ONE TIME
IN THE FOREST
WITH A CHUM
OF MINE WHO
GOT A DANG BUST-
ER OF A
TOOTHACHE!



IS
THAT
SO?

YUH!
SO I PULLED
OUT HIS ACHING
MOLAR WITH A
PAIR OF PLIERS!



WHAT!
YUH PULLED OUT YOUR
FRIENDS ACHING TOOTH
WITH A PAIR OF PLIERS!
JEEPEERS, THAT MUST
HAVE HURT HIM
SOMETHING
AWFUL!



I KICKED HIM
UNCONSCIOUS FIRST
WITH A CLUB!

Lash LARUE



in

34 DOUBLE SETUP!

Taking chances is nothing new for Lash Larue, but there's always the chance of taking one chance too many and that's what happens in THE DOUBLE SETUP!

"IF THIS GUN DOESN'T HOLD UP I'LL FALL AND BREAK EVERY BONE IN MY BODY, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN POSSIBLY CATCH THAT OUTLAW SO I HAVE TO TAKE THE CHANCE!"

SHOES
HIDE
BOBBY

AT THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S HEADQUARTERS...

ACCORDING TO THE SHERIFF OF GOPHER VALLEY, LASH, ALL THE MOODLINGS IN THAT TOWN HAVE JOINED TOGETHER UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF MOOD MOOD — AND NOW THE SHERIFF EXPECTS TROUBLE!

SUPPOSE I RIDE OUT TO GOPHER VALLEY, CHIEF, AND HAND AROUND FOR A SPELL, JUST IN CASE THERE IS TROUBLE!



THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOUR NEXT ASSIGNMENT IS, LASH!

I'LL LEAVE IMMEDIATELY, CHIEF!

CHIEF MARSHAL
U.S. DEPT. OF
JUSTICE





AND AFTER G.T. DEVINS EXPLAINS...



SIX GUN HEROES

SHORTLY AFTER...



CAN I BUY YUH A DRINK, HOGG HEDD?

YUH NEVER DID BEFORE, BUT I TEE NO REASON WHY YEH CAN'T START NOW, DAVE!



HE'S MISTAKEN ME FOR DAVE SNEECKER!

THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS I NEVER DID BEFORE THAT I'M BEGINNING TO DO NOW, HOGG HEDD! DRINK UP AND COME OUTSIDE WHERE WE CAN TALK ALONE!

SURE THING, DAVE!



I HEARD THAT YUH ORGANIZED ALL THE TOUGH BOYS IN GORNER VALLEY, HOGG HEDD! NOW HOW WOULD YUH AND YOUR GANG LIKE TO CLEAR OUT THE STATE BANK IN TOWN?

WE'D LIKE IT FINE, BUT WE WOULDN'T KNOW HOW TO DO IT!



IF I PLAN THE JOB FOR YUH, WOULD YUH BE WILLING TO GIVE ME A CUT?

SURE THING, DAVE! BUT LOTS OF HOMBERS HAVE PLANNED JOBS IN THIS VALLEY AND THE SHERIFF HAS ALWAYS UPSET THEIR PLANS!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE SHERIFF! GETTING HIM OUT OF THE PICTURE WILL BE MY END OF THE JOB!

IN THAT CASE, IT'S A DEAL! NOW GIVE ME THE DETAILS!



AND THAT NIGHT WHEN THE ROYAL MARSHAL ARRIVES IN GORNER VALLEY...

IT WAS NICE OF THE CHIEF MARSHAL TO SEND YUH DOWN, LASH, BUT IT'S BEEN DAYS SINCE HOGG HEDD FOUNDED HIS GANG AND NOTHING HAS HAPPENED YET!



JUST THEN...

WANTED BY THE LAW

BOOM!

WHAT WAS THAT?

IT SOUNDED LIKE AN EXPLOSION...



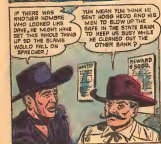
—AND IT CAME FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE STATE BANK! WE'D BETTER GO SEE!

LEAD THE WAY, SHERIFF!

OFFICE OF THE SHERIFF

WANTED BY THE LAW







YES, I DID RENT A ROOM TO A GENT WHO LOOKS JUST LIKE THIS. HIS NAME IS G.T. DEVINS. HE'S IN ROOM 308.

HERE ARE MY CREDENTIALS. I'M A SHERIFF MARSHAL. I'D LIKE YOU TO LET ME INTO THE ROOM SWORN-UNDER SO I CAN CATCH HIM AND HIS PARTNER OFF GUARD!



YES, SIR! I'VE GOT THE PASS KEY RIGHT HERE!



WHAT A BREAK FOR ME THAT I WAS SITTING DOWN IN THE LOBBY WHEN THAT LAWYER ENTERED! THE LOOT IS SPENDING WITH DYSON, BUT I RECKON I'D BETTER FORGET ABOUT IT AND WINDOBS!



YIPES! I KNEW SOMETHING WOULD GO WRONG! THE BANK LOOT'N UNDER THE BED!

GOOD! NOW WHERE'S G.T. DEVINS, YOUR PARTNER?



THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM HE WAS READING A PAPER IN THE LOBBY!

OH, OH! IF HE WAS IN THE LOBBY WHEN I ENTERED, THEN HE MUST HAVE HEARD ME ASK FOR HIM AND HE'S PROBABLY MAKING TRACKS RIGHT NOW!



THAT MUST BE HIM!



BY THE TIME IT WOULD TAKE ME TO GET DOWNSTAIRS, HE COULD GIVE ME THE SLIP, SO...

SIX GUN HEROES



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF LASH LARUE EVERY MONTH IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE AND IN SIX-GUN HEROES!

BANGTAIL BARGAINS

By Westbrook Wilson



RAWHIDE RED was a real good judge of horseflesh and he saw at once that the string of mounts was a bargain at the price. He turned to the fleshy man who had introduced himself as Mr. Merk and who had just said, "Well? Satisfied?"

"These horses are sound of wind and limb, like you said," responded Red. "I'm willing to meet your price and I think I can make myself a little profit, selling them to the cavalry. But..."

Mr. Merk chuckled, "You're darn-tootin' you'll make a little money. You'll make a heap! But now I can tell you're wondering if there's something fishy about the deal. Well sir, I've got all the proper papers that go with these horses to show where I bought them. Everything's legal and aboveboard, and you'll get a bill of sale when you hand over the cash."

Quizzical wrinkles remained in Rawhide Red's forehead. The fleshy man chuckled again. "You're wondering why I'm willing to unload them at this bargain price. Fact is, I've got to get rid of them fast. I realize I could wait and get twice as much—maybe even sell them to the cavalry myself. But my wife can't stand the climate out here and we've got to move back East. I've just got to unload."

Rawhide Red seemed satisfied with the explanation. He took a crumpled wallet from his pocket, extracted a number of wrinkled bills, and handed them over, accepting in exchange the bill of sale. He read it carefully, folded it into the wallet, and stuffed the wallet in his pocket.

Mr. Merk held out his hand as if to shake, stumbled and fell against Red. He apologized and said, "Blas't it, I must've turned my ankle. She don't hurt bad, though. Well, so long now and good luck with the horses." In stumbling he had, with one deft movement of his hand,

transferred the wallet from Red's pocket to his own. He mounted and rode away, waving and smiling.

As Mr. Merk was departing, Little Dipper, Rawhide Red's chief and only aide, rode up. The Dipper squinted and frowned after the fleshy man. "Who was that hombre?"

"Calls himself Mr. Merk. I just bought this string from him. Why?"

"Seems like I kind of know that hombre from some place," said Little Dipper. "Didn't get a good look at him, but there was something familiar about him. Merk you say? I don't recall that name."

"Maybe he's one of your old college chums."

"College?" sneered Little Dipper. "Say, are you ragging me? Only college I ever went to was reform school."

"Reform school?"

"Yeh, I got into some trouble when I was knee-high to a grasshopper and they put me in the kid's calaboose. By the time I got out I had decided that crime doesn't pay and I was going straight, but a couple of years later they grabbed me on suspicion and put me in the regular chink. I was in there a month before they decided I was innocent. This all happened back East. I decided the climate around there wasn't too healthy for me, so I hightailed it out here where nobody knew me. Say, I shouldn't be blabbing like this. Maybe you don't want a jailbird for an assistant."

"Stuff it," said Rawhide Red. "You reformed, didn't you? You go straight now, don't you? That suits me. I don't believe a man should be hounded just because he makes one mistake."

"You're a real pal, Red."

"Cut it. Come on, let's start moving these horses. We ought to get a pretty price for them at Fort Hamilton."

But they never reached the cavalry post.

SIX GUN HEROES

They had been on the trail less than two hours when the horsemen approached from the south. Red paid them little heed until, as they drew within gun range, he saw that the leader wore a star on his chest. The lawman ordered, "All right, mister. Reach!"

Facing the Sheriff's six-gun, Red raised his hands. "What's this all about?"

"The charge is horse-stealing," responded the lawman.

"Must be some mistake, Sheriff," said Red. "I'm a legitimate horse trader and these mounts have been bought and paid for. I've got the bill of sale right here in my wallet. It's..." His voice faded away as he reached his hand into his pocket and brought it out, empty.

"Well? Where's the bill of sale?" asked the lawman.

"It's . . . gone! I must've lost it!"

A familiar voice said, "Sheriff, don't waste time on this sidewinder. Don't let him bluff you. Of course, he has no bill of sale because he stole those horses from me. Let's string him up." The speaker was Mr. Mark.

Red realized that he had been framed, somehow, and that there was little he could do about it. At best he'd get a jail sentence, at worst he'd dance on a rope. His protests would avail him nothing without the bill of sale. If he tried to make a run for it, the Sheriff or one of the deputies would gun him down. "Maybe Little Dipper can help me," he thought, and then he was aware that Dipper wasn't in sight. "Took a ramout!" thought Red, bitterly.

True, Little Dipper was quietly circling away under cover of a thick pine growth. But he back tracked and rode up on the Sheriff's group from behind, while all their attention was centered on Red, while they listened with cynical smirks to Red's protestations of innocence. The Dipper paused for just a fraction of a second beside Mr. Mark, then pushed on forward toward the Sheriff, asking, "What's the trouble?"

"This horse thief has been caught red-handed. He's got a string of stolen cayuses and he claims he lost the bill of sale. Isn't that a hot one?"

"Why sure enough he must be telling the truth," said The Dipper. "Happens I found this wallet just now and looking through it to see if I could locate the owner, I came across this bill of sale. It must be his."

He handed the wallet to Red with a wink. Red looked astonished, but he managed to mutter, "Why . . . thanks . . . stranger."

As the Sheriff examined the bill of sale, Mr. Mark whistled and spurred his horse. "Hey, stop that man!" roared the lawman. A deputy, firing from the hip, nipped Mark in the shoulder and toppled him from the fleeing horse. "That hombre has tried to pull a fast one," continued the Sheriff. "He's going to have a heap of explaining to do. And he'll do it through prison bars!"

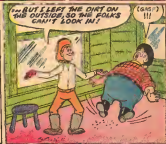
The lawman returned the bill of sale to Rawhide Red with apologies. He said, "Carry on, young man. Take your string on to Fort Hamilton and sell the cayuses. But on your way back, please drop in at my office. I'll need you to testify against that schemer, Mr. Mark."

As they packed along the trail toward Fort Hamilton, Rawhide Red said, "Little Dipper, you sure saved my skin by finding my wallet. But I still don't think you picked it up off the ground. I couldn't have lost it that-a-way."

"WELL, no," said Little Dipper. "I actually found it in Mr. Mark's pocket. But since it really belonged to you, I wasn't stealing it!"

Red raised his eyebrows and stared at his companion. The Dipper chuckled. "When I got a good look at that hombre, I remembered where I had met him. He has put on weight, grown a beard and changed his name, but I recognized him. He's the chap who taught me to pick pockets!"

THE END



Rocky Lane *by the* DEATH SUN

I HOPE YOU DON'T SELL THOSE STRIPS OF RAW CATTLE HIDES TO ANYONE, BLUE BROTHER! NOT MANY PEOPLE KNOW THAT THE HEAT OF THE SUN WILL BREAK IT! ALL AN UNSUBTLE FOLK WOULD HAVE TO DO WOULD BE TO PUT IT AROUND AN UNSUSPECTING VICTIM'S NECK, LET THE SUN BAKIN IT AND THE KANSAS WOULD CHOKE THAT POOR PERSON TO DEATH!

DON'T WORRY, ROCKY! WE DON'T SELL RAW CATTLE HIDE TO ANYONE! AS SOON AS IT WAS BAKED THINNED WE HAD FINE LEATHER GOODS OUT OF IT!



GOOD! WELL, I'LL BE ON MY WAY!

GOODBYE, ROCKY!



SHORT TIME LATER...

AH, NOBODY'S AROUND! I CAN STEAL A FEW STRIPS OF THESE RAW CATTLE HIDES!



NOW I CAN FOLLOW THROUGH ON MY PLAN FOR THAT BASTARD LAWYER, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PARKER, SEND HIM OUT HERE TO COLLECT THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS I OWE HIM!



SIX GUN HEROES



SIX GUN HEROES









SIX GUN HEROES



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